Eddie Goes For It

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VERY NSFW, Eddie and Richie being in love. Sexy time. Eddie getting a lil confident. Playful banter. You know.

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Author's Note:

> This is my first attempt at ANYTHING smutty so constructive criticism is appreciated.

Eddie stumbled into the apartment backwards, keeping one hand pressed to Richie's cheek as they fumbled to get their coats and shoes off without letting their mouths separate. Richie kicked the door closed and tossed the keys across the room, letting them fall to the floor in disregard. Eddie kicked off his shoes and Richie scooped him up, the smaller boy wrapping his legs around Richie's waist as he was carried into their bedroom. They collapsed on their queen-sized bed, lying side by side while their mouths suppressed one another's moans.

Richie flipped Eddie over and straddled the smaller boy, sitting on his lower stomach and leaning down to resume their make out session. Eddie smiled into the kiss, the familiar taste of cigarettes and candy soothing his nerves. Richie ran his tongue along Eddie's bottom lip, silently asking for permission that the boy below him quickly granted. Eddie moaned loudly, unable to control himself as he ground his hips upward into Richie's pelvis.

"Damn, Eds," Richie panted, removing his mouth from his boyfriends' and pushing himself back up to a sitting position. Eddie groaned again, this time from the loss of contact. "Someone's moving faster than usual." He leaned back down, tangling his hands in Eddie's hair and bringing his mouth to his neck this time. He sucked on the spot right between his boyfriend's neck and collarbone.

"You… you bastard." Eddie gasped, hardly able to control himself as Richie licked and kissed his weak spot. "You're not moving fast enough." He groped at the back of Richie's shirt, unable to figure out what to do with his hands. Eddie felt Richie's hand leave his hair and travel down, passing over his chest, stroking his abdomen, and finally resting over his growing erection. The sensation made his breath hitch. Eddie responded by shoving his hands up the back of Richie's shirt, lightly raking his fingernails down the taller boy's back. He

pushed his hips up, forcing the hand on his groin to push down harder. This, plus the sensation of Richie's lips on his neck, was at the same time too much and not enough. He tilted his chin up to whisper/moan in Richie's ear: "Please, Richie."

The already noticeable situation in Richie's pants only worsened at the sound of Eddie's desperation. He smiled and sat up again, removing his lips from Eddie's collarbone with a faint 'pop'. He could already see the faint beginning of a purple hickey forming. Richie leaned forward, his boyfriend still panting, and brought his face mere inches from Eddie's flushed one. "I like it when you beg." Richie smirked. He loved the immediate redness that took over his boyfriend's pale face. "Do it again." He said, removing his hand from the front of Eddie's pants. Eddie groaned. "Say please." Richie teased.

"Fuck this." Eddie said suddenly, the blush vanishing from his face. The small boy suddenly shifted his weight and threw Richie off of him, flipping them both over so Eddie was sitting on top of his boyfriend.

"Wh-"

Eddie cut Richie off by crashing their lips together, not bothering to pause for breath, not caring about how fast they were going, shoving his tongue into the other boy's mouth. Eddie could vaguely taste weed at the back of the other boy's mouth, and he loved the taste. He immediately reached down and unzipped Richie's jeans, pushing a small hand into the taller boy's boxers and letting it rest there, unmoving. Richie gasped and shifted his hips. Eddie yanked his hand out with the movement. "Not so fast, hotshot," Eddie whispered, moving his mouth from Richie's mouth to his ear. "I wanna hear you beg for it."

Richie was shocked. Eddie usually wasn't the one to take control, but on the rare occasion he did, Richie absolutely fucking loved it.

"P-please, Eddie." Richie moaned.

"Please what?"

"Touch me."

Eddie was the one smirking now. “I’ll do you one better.” He slid down off the end of their bed, grabbing Richie’s hips and yanking him down with him, so Richie was lying with his legs off the bed and Eddie was crouched between them. He reached up and slid Richie’s black skinny jeans off with ease, and hooked his fingers under the band of his boxers. Richie sat up on his elbows and looked at Eddie, his face flushed, pupils dilated. Eddie thought he looked amazing, with his glasses crooked and his hair sticking out in complete disorder. “What do you say?” Eddie asked.

“Please?” Richie said, his face breaking out in a smile.

Eddie slid Richie’s boxers off his hips and legs, tossing them aside. Richie’s dick bobbed up, laying against his lower stomach. Eddie ignored it and began to nip at and kiss the insides of Richie’s thighs.

Richie threw his head back and looked at the ceiling, laughing softly. “Eddie Kaspbrak, you are such a fucking tease-”

The wind was knocked out of him, cutting off his sentence as Eddie grabbed hold of his dick, wasting no time taking Richie’s entire length into his mouth.
“Oh my fucking god.” Richie gasped, finally having caught his breath.

Eddie tried not to laugh as he went to work, sucking and licking and doing everything Richie had taught him (alongside a few online tutorials, but Eddie would never admit it).

Richie could hardly get his words out. “F-fuck, Eds, you- god.” Eddie had taken control in bed before, but never quite like this. Richie was completely blown away. “If you d- if you don’t stop soon- it’s gonna be over-” Richie panted, his eyes squeezed shut.

Eddie looked up at his boyfriend, completely enamored by the effect he was having on him.

“I don’t care. It’s enough just seeing you like this.” Eddie confessed, using his hands to give his mouth a break. “Besides, this is one of the few times I’ve seen you actually speechless.”

Richie groaned, unable to even form a response. Eddie went back to

work, knowing when Richie's words started to get more coherent but more desperate that he was nearing the edge.

"Eddie, Eds- you have to move- I'm gonna-" Richie moaned, thrusting his hips upward, matching Eddie's rhythm with his own.

Eddie surprised himself then. He'd never been enthralled with the prospect of someone else's bodily fluids mixing with his own, so he'd always politely let Richie 'finish' somewhere else. But today, seeing his boyfriend this turned on, this into him, he wanted to try something new. Here goes nothing, Eddie thought as Richie tried to pull away, his moans turning to noises more like screams as Eddie took his whole length in his mouth once more.

"Eddie, oh my GOD." Richie quite literally screamed, much too loudly for the small apartment they were in.

Eddie sat up, licked his lips and stared at his boyfriend, his cheeks almost crimson, hair plastered to his forehead with sweat, his glasses foggy. Richie's eyes finally opened as he went on loudly- "Fucking shit, Eddie, that was the hottest thing ever, where the fuck did that come from-"

"Shut up, asshole, the neighbors probably heard everything. Don't give them a recap." Eddie laughed, planting a kiss on Richie's lips before running into the bathroom to rinse his mouth out.

Eddie walked out of the bathroom and climbed into the bed next to Richie, who had pulled on a pair of sweatpants. Richie immediately snuggled closer to his boyfriend, resting his head on Eddie's chest and tangling their legs together. Eddie smoothed down the tall boy's wild hair to keep it from getting in his eyes and mouth. They lay there silently for a moment, Richie listening to the soft thump of Eddie's heart and Eddie lacing his fingers with Richie's.

Suddenly, Richie tilted his head up towards Eddie. "Did you really swallow? You did. I can't believe you fucking swallowed. You're so hot."

"Shut up! I wanted to try it." Eddie blushed, pushing Richie away and rolling onto his side, facing away from him.

“I’m glad you did. That was amazing. You look so good between my legs.” Richie teased, running a hand through Eddie’s hair from behind.

Eddie flipped over and sat up. “What about you, Mr. ‘please, Eddie, oh god, Eds, please!’’ Eddie mocked.

Richie smirked. “What can I say? You had me weak in the knees.”

Eddie smiled and lay back down, this time lying completely on top of his lanky boyfriend. They were silent again for a few moments.

“You know? That blowjob was almost as good as your mom’s-”

“BEEP FUCKING BEEP, RICHIE.”